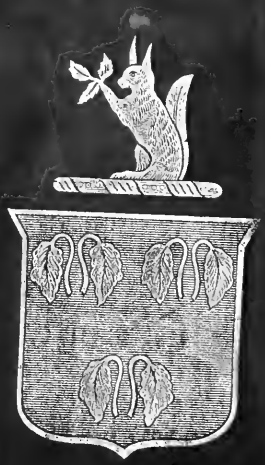

MISS 1909

THE BLUESTOCKING

PUBLISHED BY

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

MIXXIX

Dedicated..

as a small token of our affection

to

MR. WILLIAM WAYT KING

A Virginia gentleman, who by his character, his unselfishness, his devotion to duty, and his habit of spending himself for others is the friend of every girl in school.

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GETTING OUT THE BLUESTOCKING

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Norfolk, Virginia

"She makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes."

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"Come what will come, I am satisfied."

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"None know thee but to love thee."

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" From grave to gay, from lively to serene,
Intent to reason, or polite to please."

LITERARY EDITOR

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Ashville, North Carolina

" Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

LITERARY EDITOR

LILLIAN HARRISON

Martinsburg, West Virginia

" A compound of wisdom and fun."

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Bennettsville, South Carolina

" Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike —
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike."

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ANNE HENDERSON

Fort Smith, Arkansas

" Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading."

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" To business that we love, we rise betimes
And go to it with delight."

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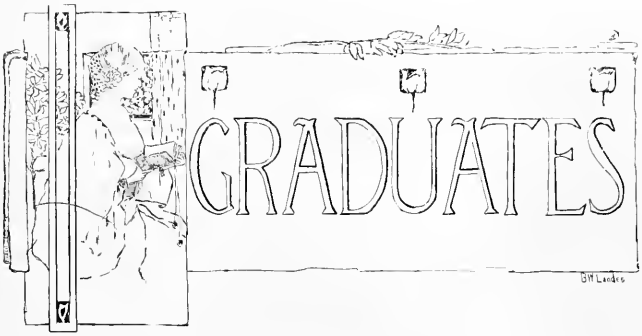

1908-'09

Collegiate Department

UNIVERSITY COURSE

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"'Tis virtue that doth make
women most admired."

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Rosalie Frances Boggs
Pennsylvania

"The music breathing from her face."

Islay Janet Eddins
Florida

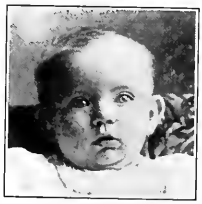
"Oh life, why should labor always be your portion."

Lillian Gorham Harrison
West Virginia

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

Margaret Clarence Tilley
Virginia

"Practice is the best of all instruction."



ART

Bessie Wallace Landes
Virginia

"In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."

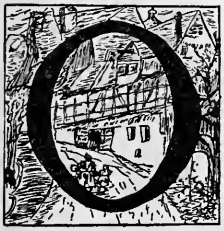
ELOCUTION

Laura Ward Wise
Virginia

"Persuasiveness of speech and eloquence of eyes."

Sweethearts of the Old Dominion

PRIZE ESSAY



LD Virginia with her hospitable mansions set in the midst of fertile plantations, her lordly "gentlemen" of gay attire and courtly manners, her beautiful women of hoop-skirt days and dainty minuet, her love of the high-spirited and joyous, appeals to us of more prosaic times with a romantic charm not to be caught elsewhere. As we look upon the quaint portraits of those gentlemen, dames and maids of a day gone by, and as we gaze upon the slowly rolling James from the wide portico of some colonial mansion, our thoughts turn back to those sweet old days and we dream of the lives and loves of stately dames and lovely "maides."

Perhaps we wander back to those first sweethearts of wilderness Virginia, and with our love of the romantic we picture the dusky beauties in their wild woodland life being wooed and won by brave warrior lovers. The same sympathetic moon cast its halo of charm over them that after the coming of the white man shed its radiance over the rude log cabins and mean existence of Jamestown. Nevertheless the rude log cabins and strange white men held their attraction for at least one Indian maiden. We linger lovingly over the pictures of the dear little Princess Pocahontas bringing "aide" to the stricken settlers, of her baptism and marriage at that first little church at Jamestown, of her visit to England, where she was entertained "right royally" by Queen Anne and her subjects, of her touching interview with the loyal and brave Captain John Smith. We can hear her declare to him, "You did promise Powhatan that

what was yours should be his. You called him Father, being in his land a stranger — and fear you here *I* should call *you* Father. I tell you then, I will; and you shall call *me* child."

We leave the alluring picture of the little Princess and her Captain to turn to more stirring times in the Colony. The "eccentric and cantankerous" Governor Frances Nicholson has fallen passionately in love with the beautiful Miss Burwell of Williamsburg. We laugh merrily as we think of this strong-minded young lady firmly refusing His High and mighty Excellency. We see her toss her dainty head as the Governor in the grandeur of his carriage and four passes her on the streets of quaint old Williamsburg. It suddenly enters her lover's mind that Doctor Archibald Blair, the brother of the worthy minister of that name, is his rival. Now The Reverend Blair is the Governor's opponent in affairs vestral. When His Excellency imagines that the indomitable Scotchman's brother is the favored one of his own fair lady love, his irascible soul is moved to anger. But we suspect that his blustering speech to The Reverend Blair, "Sir, your brother is a villian, and you have betrayed me," only affords our colonial maiden much merriment; and when the peppery Governor declares that if she marries another "he would cut the throats of three persons, the bridegroom, the minister and the justice who should give the license" it daunts her independent spirit not in the least. As time has left us no record, we can only wonder if she further wounded the Governor's self-important dignity by becoming Mrs. Dr. Archibald Blair.

We turn from this amusing love story of Virginia's willful maid to the picture of "The Fair Evelyn" Byrd. We first see her at the brilliant court of Queen Anne. All eyes turn toward "the lovely American debutante" as she passes down the ballroom with the young and handsome Lord Peterborough. Her eyes are aglow with love and hope as she turns to her gay companion. What a contrast to the next picture we have of her! The all-important Colonel William Byrd has emphatically refused to allow a daughter of his to marry that Popish gentleman, Lord Peterborough. As we idly roam over the estate of beautiful old Westover, we reach the spot where stood in former days the oak under whose peaceful shade the house-

holds of Westover and Berkeley were wont to meet once each year in picnic fashion. It seems to our highly-colored imagination that the Harrisons and Byrds are again assembled in merry groups. We see "The Fair Evelyn" seated upon the green, talking in a low, sweet voice to her dearest friend, Anne Harrison. Evelyn is thinking of her lover in far-away England. She looks toward her father with an appeal in her great brown eyes. But her appeal is in vain and she lives her days at Westover in quiet longing for her Lord whom she is never to wed.

What is this next picture which calls our attention? Surely no colonial maiden was as bold as this. Yet Virginia had her Priscilla, too. Life was not without its charms in those colonial days nor was Cupid without his darts. The heart of Miss Betsy Hansford is his target this time. Truly Cupid hath strange ways. A certain youth of Williamsburg has been captured by Miss Betsy's charms but she will hear none of his suit. In his dire extremity he appeals to Mr. John Camm, the professor of divinity at William and Mary College, to aid him. In vain does the Reverend John plead with Miss Betsy, proving to her by passages of scripture that it is woman's duty to marry. His charming parishioner meets him in his own field when she tells him that he may find her answer to his entreaties in Second Samuel, twelfth chapter, seventh verse. What is his surprise and perhaps joy to find these words: "And Nathan said unto David, '*thou art the man.*'" We fancy that the wedding which followed was a happy and a joyful event.

The sun is slowly disappearing over the treetops. The approaching twilight reminds us that we must cease our dreamings of things past and come back to the reality of things present. So we end our musings with this picture of that most delightful and important occasion — a colonial wedding.

ANNIE BRIDGERS.

References:

1. Story of Pocahontas.— Cooke's "History of Virginia."
2. Story of Governor Nicholson.— Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors" — pp. 122-123.
3. Story of Evelyn Byrd.— "Some Colonial Homesteads," by Marion Harland — pp. 43-49.
4. Story of Parson Camm.— "Williamsburg, the Old Colonial Capital," by Tyler — pp. 156-158.

"The Coin"

PRIZE STORY

ILLSON had just returned from an extended tour in Europe, and had invited several friends to spend the evening with him in his apartments, the chief feature of the entertainment to be the story of his adventures in Europe. He had knocked about the world a good bit, and had collected many interesting curios, so while his friends viewed his latest collection, he arranged the chairs about the hearth and set out the tobacco. The men appeared deeply absorbed in the collection, when one happened to spy a curious coin.

"Look here, Willson, where did you get this coin with the Latin inscription?" said one.

"Oh, I picked it up in Rome, but there is a peculiar story connected with it. I'll tell you fellows about it, and then you can draw your own conclusions, whether you think I was crazy, drunk, or asleep."

"It was while I was in Rome. One day I went to a curious old building to make some sketches. The room in which I was at work was rectangular in shape with a spiral stairway at one end leading to a tower. The windows were small with the sills about two feet out of my reach. The walls were smooth, but in some places a little notched. The frescoes were wonderfully well preserved, so I made several trips there and became quite friendly with the warden. I decided to spend my last afternoon in Rome, finishing my sketches of the frescoes. After I started sketching I found that I had more to do than I had thought, and became so interested in my work, that I did not notice the approach of darkness. Finding it too dark to work, I

closed my portfolio and went to the door, but unknowingly the warden had locked me in. You can imagine my feelings; I was not the least bit hilarious. I had an engagement to dine with friends in the city to say nothing of the fact that my quarters were very cheerless. I tried in vain to reach one of the windows, and finally decided to make the best of the situation. After a time the moon came out, and then I amused myself watching the shadows cast by its light on the opposite walls. The shadows of the trees became huge giants, and the darkened corners of the room were their caves. Some minutes, perhaps an hour I spent thus, when I heard a distant clatter. I was sure it was the warden returning to release me so I picked up my portfolio and started for the door but the unusual direction of the sound stopped me. It came directly from the stairway which led to the tower, and it had a distinctly metallic ring. I still had no other thought than that it was the warden, but I kept quiet and waited, standing by the door, facing the stairway.

"I heard, distinctly, footsteps coming closer. The moon's rays fell directly on the last three steps, lighting a path from the stairway to the door where I was standing. My eyes had not wavered once from the direction of the sound, and now what did I see? A man fully clad in armor. He descended the three remaining steps, as if not sure of his ground. At last he was in the room and coming toward me with outstretched hands. It seemed an age from the time he touched the bottom of the stairs until he reached me, but I was in no hurry for him to come. When he was within two feet of me, I too stretched out my hands, thinking to ward him off. Just then something cold dropped into my palm; he turned, and with great alacrity ascended the stairs.

"The door behind me opened, and turning I saw the warden. He had forgotten me when he closed the building in the afternoon, and had just happened to think of me a few minutes before while talking with some friends about the "Knight of the Tower." So this was my visitor's name. I said nothing about my experience, but asked him what he meant by the "Knight of the Tower." He seemed rather loath to tell, but I finally wrung from him the story of a Roman Knight, a miser, who had lived in the old building and

hoarded his wealth in the tower. The story ran that his spirit could never rest until he had given away all his treasure, and every night he came forth seeking some one on whom to bestow it.

"After I had thanked the warden, (in the American fashion), I made my way back to the hotel. When I reached my room, my first impulse was to go to the light; my next, to see what I held in my hand, and there was the coin which you see in the case.

"I may have gone to sleep and picked the coin out of the wall; you fellows may think it a product of my imagination; but I for one think the old Roman gave it to me, and hope that the gift helped to buy rest for his spirit."

REBA ANDREWS.

Twilight

Prize Poem

WHEN the twilight hours are golden
With the dreams of yesterday;
When a thousand wandering fancies
Steal the golden cares away;
Memory lifts the dusky curtain
Of the silent shadow-land;
Peoples all the world with phantoms
By the magic of her hand.

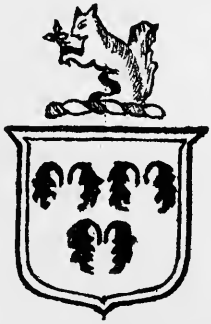
Eager thoughts, at last unfettered,
Through familiar pathways roam,
For the heart of each is turning
To a quiet happy home.
There a patient mother watches
Flickering shadows rise and fall.
Shifting with the changing fire-light
Over ceiling, floor and wall.

She is longing, watching, waiting,
For her children far away
And is building golden castles
In the flames' fantastic play.
Tell me, will these castles crumble?
Are her hopes and prayers in vain?
Will you shatter her illusions
And repay her love with pain?

— Martha Gash Boswell.

The

Mary Baldwin Miscellany



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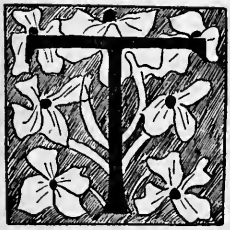
Retrospect

I.—FALL



HE Fall, that we had been looking forward to, thinking of seeing again those dear old girls, and taking under our protecting wing those blessed new ones, yet dreading the thought of being once again closed in from all mortal eyes, (except the Kable-lights), arrived only too soon to be welcomed. But that adorable smile of Mr. King, as we stepped from the train, blotted out all pangs of regret, and made us feel once again that life at the dear old Sem was something worth while. In the same old procession we walked up those wearisome hills of Staunton, and one by one went to greet Miss Weimar. Then a rush to the back gallery, and such protestations of joy mingled with sobs of happiness are not expressible in words.

Yes, we all agreed, "It was good to be back," and such thrillingly exciting tales and adventures of the Summer, have never yet been expressed by poet or novelist, and well might they profit by them. The Summer had been ideal, but M. B. S. now seemed to fulfill every passing want. It was with regret that we old sorority girls had to give up that pleasure of having "goats" to "run up the hill" or "make my bed up this morning" because here, sororities are deemed injurious to the social welfare of the school.

Bells, "belles," bells, only to become used to them, arise on bells, eat on bells, study on bells, walk on bells, and at last settling our weary brains to rest as the melodious strains of the ten o'clock bell float up the hill. Still these were happy days, always something

to do; a new song, a new dance, and plenty of study to pass our time away.

Hallowe'en was an evening enjoyed by all, being one of those rare, original affairs which only Baldwin girls can arrange and enjoy.

The Fall weather was perfect, and it was with sighs that we saw the green leaves turn red and brown, and felt that touch of Jack Frost which meant winter.

II. — WINTER — Before Christmas

On the first of November we were greeted by the announcement that "The young ladies will not wear any more short-sleeved or white linen waists, as the weather is entirely too cold." This unpleasant statement brought us to realize that work had started for good and long, yet "only fifty-two days before Christmas;" that wasn't so awfully long. We were entertained by the very best of musicians during the term, hearing "The Shubert String Quartette" from Boston, Madame Lagendorf, a young and talented singer, and Mr. Ward on Shakespeare. One of the most interesting events was a bazaar planned by Miss Whidden and carried out by a committee of girls, for the benefit of the Miscellany. "A Christmas Bazaar" it was called, but was rather one where "eats" proved the main entertainment. It proved to be a grand success, and all desired it to be repeated. Thoughts of what Christmas vacation might bring forth tided us over those long weeks, and in many rooms might be seen long rows of beautifully cut paper dolls, which represented the days before Christmas. Nothing proved of interest for a week before the twenty-second, but what did it matter if we had to go back to Miss Riddle or Miss Strickler every day, or Madamoiselle Meriot said "I vill sen you to ze offeece." Home was our goal; lessons were a minor detail. December twenty-second found us all "on the way at last."

III. — WINTER — January, February, March

Such long faces appeared on January fifth, with the sigh, "What was I doing last night at this time, and my, but I never knew two weeks could go so fast." Now to be good, and Latin once again.

"You say the Virginia Dramatic Club is February the twelfth? What a long way off!" Only to see the Arcadians was the desire every girl held most dear. Study began with a vengeance, and the only recreation and chance of seeing a "beau" was when we walked by that quaint and interesting little store, known as "The Kable's Store." What a curiosity only to see a little further in, (the door always being so crowded we could see nothing else).

There have been numerous false fire-alarms this year, both in Hill-Top and Memorial. The real cause was never solved in Hill-Top, (but I shouldn't wonder that some know), but Memorial's excitement was owing to an innocent piece of cloth, innocently lit and thrown out of the window, and such cries of distress! (Oh!!)

The most eventful happening of this whole school year was when we were honored by the visit of two University of Virginia "gentlemen?" They seemed to be rather "happy" that night, and dared what others have never done before, boldly walked up on the Terrace by Memorial and "That wasn't all" or "It wasn't the things they meant to do, but rather the things they did." That evening has never been duplicated, and we hardly expect it to be, as the Arcadians said "it wasn't proper to serenade a young lady on the first floor after nine o'clock!"

One of the most delightful visits of the year was that of Miss Burner, Secretary to the Young Woman's Christian Association. She is a young lady, with that unusual gift of speaking directly to the girls, and holding their attention. An informal reception was given to her the afternoon before she departed, and she left a lasting memory in many a girl's heart.

Mr. Hutchinson gave us an interesting program on the night of the twenty-fifth of January, his Schumann number absolutely capturing his audience. The only drawback to the evening was the lack of self-control expressed by the young ladies of the Seminary, but we all trust it will not happen again.

Henry Ludlowe presented a very charming play, "The Raven," on the evening of the twenty-eighth. Wonders upon wonders, we children were allowed to go out two evenings in one week.

A new and attractive feature at M. B. S.—Miss Lilian Gorham

Harrison gave a tea in the girls' parlor on Friday afternoon, January the twenty-ninth, to a few of her friends, in honor of Miss Lucie W. Lamb and Miss Helen Nix. It was an affair enjoyed by all present, and one through which we hope others may profit.

To the visit of the two "gentlemen" from Charlottesville, the Arcadians proved next in importance. Well, there is no doubt but that it was splendid and "no words are needed here." We do surely hope the performance will be repeated.

The members of the board of editors of the Literary Society served a delightful supper for the benefit of the ANNUAL. It proved a success and the ones who labored felt repaid for their energy.

The four remaining members of the Delta Sigma Phi Sorority gave a select dinner, the night of the thirteenth of February, in honor of one of their visiting sisters.

The Young Woman's Christian Association was very successful in a bazaar they gave on Saturday, March the thirteenth. There were seven booths representing the different nations, very artistically and originally decorated, the gymnasium becoming thereby a very pretty room rather than the cold, dismal "gym" we dance in every night. The different costumes added much, and "The Street Fair" proved very satisfactory as well as amusing.

Mr. Samuel Moore, of West Virginia, led a series of meetings in the Presbyterian Church, a few weeks ago. His earnestness and power of appealing, brought every girl under his charm, and all listened with unwavering interest. All feeling of the burden of attendance was at once forgotten after Mr. Moore's first sermon, and it was with regret that we knew the meetings were ended. I do not think any man has before so impressed the girls as Mr. Moore did, nor found such a response in their hearts.

We can at last say Winter has left us and once again come those bright, happy, wholesome days of Spring.

IV.—THE END

Spring with all its pleasures, sports and sunshine has come at

last, and just March, April, May, and this happy school year will have its end. My, how we want to leave this place, and every lesson is a grudge, but, stop to think just how many tally-ho rides, feasts, (and midnight feasts), how many germans and banquets we have had during this session. Then, say we don't have a good time at M. B. S. Besides these pleasures, think of the lessons we have learned, the temptations we have overcome, and notice how these hours at the Seminary have helped to mold our characters and prepare us for the far more serious life than happy, free, school days offer. It is true we have but Christmas vacation and one or two holidays thrown in here and there: also, that we are most emphatically impressed with the fact that the Mary Baldwin Seminary is not a society school. Yet, I can say, and have heard others say, that society does not make a school, for teas, dances, receptions, and last, but not least, men are not essential to a school girl's happiness.

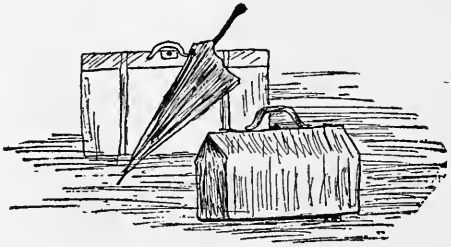
As this eventful year draws to its close we think of the friendships we have made, that beautiful love between girls which is so seldom true. Then, of the fact that all of us will never again be together at one time. This household of over two hundred girls is under one head, Miss Weimar. We do not realize how much we owe to her, and probably shall not until we are older. Miss Martha Riddle, our principal when Miss Weimar is away, has reached the heart of every girl who has ever studied with her, and many others besides. Mrs. Chase, that generous, loving, and noble-hearted "mother" of our school days at M. B. S., is not half appreciated, but some of us do realize there never can be but one "Mother" Chase. But of all the kindest, cheeriest, as well as best persons in this world, Mr. King is ahead of them all. From the time he greets us as we get off the train, till he waves us farewell as we fly homeward, he has always that ever-winning smile, and a sweet word for every one of us, that makes each one feel, as we leave his office, "he likes me best."

It is now time to bring this Retrospect to a close. We are loath to leave this dear school but hope that the new girls of next year may have as many happy times as we have had. It is our fondest

hope that all may have a happy and restful Summer, and we drink to the future success of the Mary Baldwin Seminary.

O happy days, those days of yore,
Will they come back to us no more?
Yet we live them o'er and o'er —
Those days at M. B. S.

A. M. A.




CLUBS

C.O.D.

C. O. D.

COLOR
Red

FLOWER
Carnation

PRESIDENT
Lucie Winder Lamb

MEMBERS

Margaret Gilkerson, West Virginia
Mercedes Brown, Missouri
Nell Carrington, Virginia
Marie Easley, Virginia
Conway Flemming, Virginia
Anna Apgar, New Jersey
Lilian Harrison, West Virginia
Anne Henderson, Arkansas
Mary Hoge, Missouri
Mary Hover, Colorado
Mary Hughes, North Carolina
Mary M. Jones, Georgia
Bessie Kelley, Virginia
Elizabeth King, Florida
Marsha Jones, Colorado
Lucie Lamb, Virginia
Mattie Lamb, Virginia
Florence LeMoine, Virginia
Esther McCleary, Pennsylvania
Helen Nix, New York
Helen Pole, Ohio
Isabelle Postelle, Georgia
Electa de Pugh, New York
Ruth Rankin, Georgia
Margaret Reynolds, Virginia
Martha Stark, Missouri
Margaret Terrell, Alabama
Kate Earle Terrell, Alabama
Elizabeth Thomas, Colorado
Anne S. Jones, Virginia
Marie Smith, Colorado


ZTZ
L.N.Q.

Z. T. Z.

MOTTO

"Do Unto Others, for They'd Like to Do You, but Do Them First."

COLORS
Red and Black

FLOWER
American Beauty

PRESIDENT
Lucie W. Lamb

MEMBERS

Margaret Gilkerson, West Virginia
Anne Apgar, New Jersey
Ruth Beymer, Georgia
Annie Bridgers, North Carolina
Emily Bridgers, North Carolina
Katharine Bryan, Pennsylvania
Carrie Buoy, Maryland
Ethel Davies, Ohio
Marie Easley, Virginia
Conway Flemming, Virginia
Agnes Floyd, Florida
Elizabeth Going, Alabama
Mary Hoge, Missouri
Mary Hover, Colorado
Bessie Kelley, Virginia
Elizabeth King, Florida
Josephine Willis, Kentucky.
Mary Hughes, North Carolina
Mattie Lamb, Virginia
Mary Le Master, Tennessee
Florence LeMoine, Virginia
Esther McCleary, Pennsylvania
Mary McFaden, Virginia
Sarah Moise, Georgia
Sarah Nichols, Georgia
Katie Osborne, Georgia
Isabelle Postelle, Georgia
Elizabeth Shepherd, Tennessee
Ruth Taylor, Wisconsin
Kate Earle Terrell, Alabama
Margaret Terrell, Alabama
Elizabeth Thomas, Colorado
Margaret Webb, Alabama
Irene Whiteside, Tennessee

Owl Club

Nell Carrington, South Boston, Virginia
Lillian Harrison, Martinsburg, West Virginia
Helen Nix, New York, New York
Electa de Pugh, New York, New York
Helen Pole, Loraine, Ohio

MASCOT
Black Cat

COLORS
Green and Black

FLOWER
Cattails

MEMBERS

Ruth Beymer, Savannah, Georgia
Ethel Davies, Barbarton, Ohio
Willie Gayle, Montgomery, Alabama
Elizabeth Going, Birmingham, Alabama
Mary LeMaster, Memphis, Tennessee
Sarah Moise, Savannah, Georgia
Elizabeth Shepherd, Memphis, Tennessee
Sarah Nichols, Savannah, Georgia
Ruth Taylor, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Josephine Willis, Shelbyville, Kentucky
Katie Osborne, Savannah, Georgia

YE LARKS AND YE CROWS

LARKS

"Miss Anne"
"Lamb"
"Maggie"

CROWS

"Hover"
"Kittie Earle"
"Lazy"
"Marie Darling"
"Spray"
"Sweat Beas"


T D

B. A. T.

PRESIDENT
Electa de Pugh

MEMBERS

Mercedes Brown
Missouri

Marie Easley
Virginia

Conway Flemming
Virginia

Lilian Harrison
West Virginia

Mary Hover
Colorado

Marsha Jones
Colorado

Mary Le Master
Tennessee

Florence Le Moine
Virginia

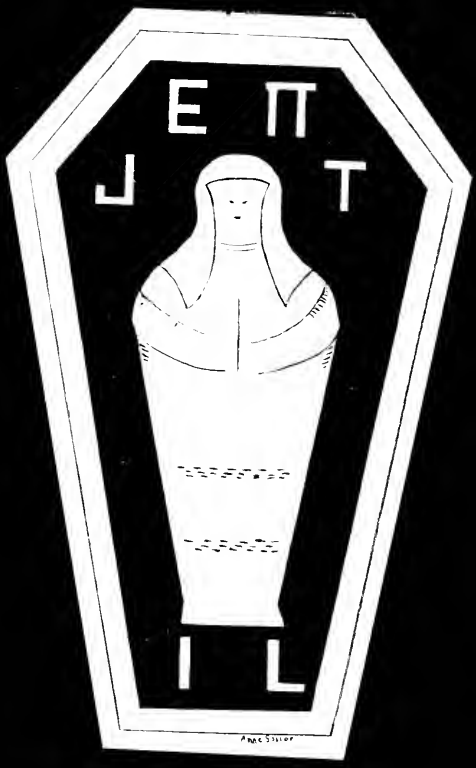
Helen Nix
New York

Helen Pole
Ohio

Margaret Terrell
Alabama

Elizabeth Thomas
Colorado

Margaret Webb
Alabama


E Π
J T
I L
Anne Stiller

Agnes Floyd
Ruth Beymer
Nancy Cooper
Katherine Duncan
Marie Easley
Elizabeth Going
Bessie Kelley
Elizabeth King
Lucie Lamb
Sarah Moise
Sarah Nichols
Kate Osborn
Isabelle Postelle

MOTTO

"Let's our Cases Keep

COLORS

Lavender, Orange, Crimson, Koral

FLOWER

Lilac

MEMBERS

Apgar	Jones	Pole
de Pugh	Lamb	Terrell
Hover	Le Master	Terrell
Hughes	Le Moine	Willis

P. S.

MOTTO

Better Late Than Never

COLOR

Baby Blue

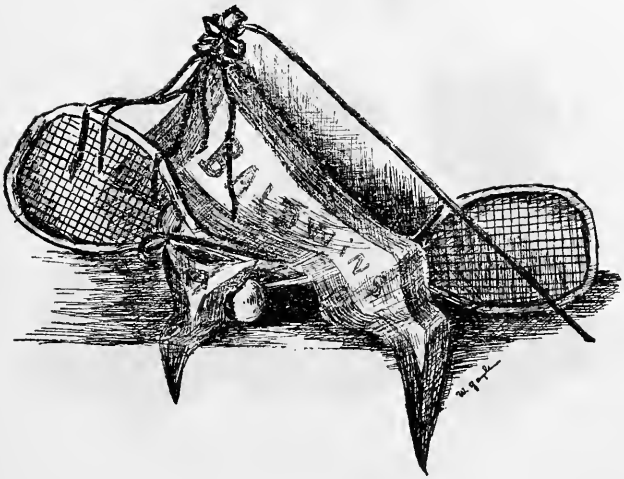
FLOWER

Forget-Me-Not

MEMBERS

"Spry" Willis, Shelbyville, Kentucky
"Mike" Kelly, Norfolk, Virginia
"Flossie" Le Moine, Petersburg, Virginia
"Sorry" Nichols, Savannah, Georgia
"Conny" Flemming, Richmond, Virginia
"Maggie" Gilkerson, Parkersburg, West Virginia
"Earl" of Terrell, Birmingham, Alabama
"Nixie" Nix, New York City
Mary "Le Master", Memphis, Tennessee
"Kid" Lamb, Norfolk, Virginia
"Maggie" Terrell, Birmingham, Alabama

Tennis Club



MEMBERS

Anne Apgar
Mercedes Brown
Ruth Beymer
Reba Bradley
Nancy Cooper
Gertrude Crenshaw
Marguerite Crittenden
Rebecca Cockrell
Ruth Dadney
Ethel Davies
Electa de Pugh
Marie Easley
Agnes Floyd
Conway Flemming
Elizabeth Going,
Willie Gayle
Margaret Gilkerson
Anne Henderson
Mary Hover
Lilian Harrison
Mary Hughes
Martha Irvin
Marsha Jones
Mary Madison Jones
Elizabeth King
Bessie Kelley
Lucie Lamb
Mattie Lamb
Florence Le Moine
Mary Le Master
Mary Neil Melon
Beulah Moody
Eloise Morrison
Sarah Moise
Mary McFaden
Katie Newton
Marie Noel
Sarah Nichols
Katie Osborne
Isabelle Postelle
Sue Phillips
Helen Pole
Ruth Rankin
Martha Stark
Margaret Terrell
Kate Earle Terrell
Elizabeth Thomas
Josephine Willis
Margaret Webb
Helen Gray Watson

T. T.

MOTTO

"Don't Save for To-Morrow What You Can Eat To-Day."

COLORS

Green and Orange

FLOWER

Sunflower

MEMBERS

Fay Arnim
Texas

Edith Stafford
Texas

Maie Lindley
North Carolina

Mary Heath
Mississippi

Margaret Peale
Virginia

Minnie Lee Price
Virginia

Mary Carpenter
Virginia

Evangeline Palmer
Virginia

Golf Club

Anna Apgar
Mercedes Brown
Ruth Beymer
Reba Bradley
Nancy Cooper
Gertrude Crenshaw
Marguerite Crittenden
Rebecca Cochrell
Ruth Dabney
Ethel Davies
Electa de Pugh
Marie Easley
Agnes Floyd
Conway Flemming
Elizabeth Going
Willie Gayle
Margaret Gilkerson
Anne Henderson
Mary Hover
Lillian Harrison
Mary Hughes
Martha Irvin
Marsha Jones
Mary Madison Jones
Elizabeth King
Bessie Kelly
Lucie Lamb
Mattie Lamb
Florence LeMoine
Mary Le Master
Mary Neil Melon
Beulah Moody
Eloise Morrison
Sarah Moise
Mary McFaden
Katie Newton
Marie Noel
Sarah Nichols
Katie Osborne
Isabelle Postell
Sue Phillips
Helen Pole
Ruth Rankin
Martha Stark
Margaret Terrell
Kate Earle Terrell
Elizabeth Thomas
Josephine Willis
Margaret Webb
Helen Gray Watson

H. B. C.

FLOWER
Violet

COLORS
Gold and Violet

MOTTO
Be Good and You'll be Happy, but Awful Lonesome

President — Lady Anne McLemore

Secretary and Treasurer — Beulah Oakley Olney

Georgia Lorraine Denlinger, Idaho
"Minnehaha"

Mary Katherine Strayer, Ohio
"Rabbit"

Mary Foote Merrill, Florida
"Heavy"

Edna Chase, New Jersey
"Billy"

Daisy Rebecca Osenton, West Virginia
"Dizzy"

Beulah Oakley Olney, Arizona
"Boo"

Lady Anne McLemore, Tennessee
"Mac"

B. B. C.

PRESIDENT
Anna M. Apgar

Martha Stark
Elizabeth Thomas
Lucie Lamb
Mattie Lamb
Mary Le Master
Kate Earle Terrell
Margaret Terrell
Mary Hover
Florence Le Moine
Josephine Willis
Bessie Kelly

I. M. P.

COLORS	MASCOT	FLOWER
Red and Gold	The Imp	Golden Rod

MOTTO

Eat, Drink and be Merry, for To-Morrow You May Can't

MEMBERS

Sallie Clyde Crum	Alabama
Mary Ella Fariss	Tennessee
Harriet Fitts	Alabama
Willey Gayle	Alabama
Bessie George	Mississippi
Helen Martin	Tennessee
Lula Montgomery	Tennessee
Margaret Webb	Alabama

Orchestra

DIRECTRESS

Miss Beatrice Bancroft Whidden

ACCOMPANISTS

Beulah Moody

Anna Apgar

VIOLINS

Agnes Agee
Fay Arnim
Ruth Burleson

Willey Gayle
Claudia Fraser
Nora Waddell

Mrs. Russell

MANDOLINS

Ruth Beymer
Nancy Cooper

Georgia Dellinger
Mary M. Jones

GUITARS

Margaret Gilkerson
Mary Hover

Mary Hughes
Anne S. Jones

Evelyn Tredway

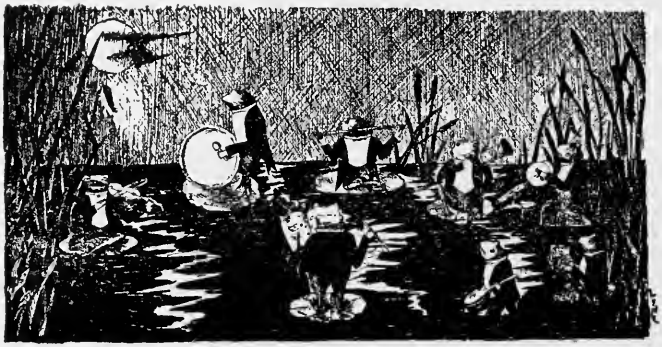
PRESIDENT
Lucie Winder Lamb

SECRETARY AND TREASURER
Anna M. Apgar

MEMBERS

Anna Apgar
Ruth Beymer
Mercedes Brown
Corrie Buoy
Nell Carrington
Gertrude Crenshaw
Louise Crittenden
M. B. Crittenden
Marguerite Crittenden
Electa de Pugh
Ethel Davies
Marie Easley
Conway Flemming
Willey Gayle
Elizabeth Going
Edna Grube
Margaret Gilkerson
Lillian Harrison
Mary Hover
Anne Henderson
Mary Hoge
Mary Hughes
Anne Jones
Marsha Jones
Mary M. Jones
Bessie Kelly
Elizabeth King
Lucie Lamb
Mattie Lamb
Mary Le Master
Florence LeMoine
Beulah Moody
Sarah Moise
Mary N. Melon
Dorothy Morrison
Eloise Morrison
Mary McFaden
Katie Newton
Helen Nix
Sarah Nichols
Marie Noel
Katie Osborne
Beulah Olney
Helen Pole
Isabelle Postell
Ruth Rankin
Hester Riddle
Margaret Reynolds
Elizabeth Shepherd
Marie Smith
Ruth Taylor
Margaret Terrell
Kate Earle Terrell
Elizabeth Thomas
Josephine Willis
Irene Whiteside
Margaret Webb

Glee Club



DIRECTOR
Herr Wilmar Robert Schmidt

ACCOMPANIST
Miss Jean Hall

Mary Boyd Ayer
Rosalie Boggs
Mary Brown
Ruth Burleson
Inez Coale
Nancy Cooper
Pearl Cross
Ruth Dabney
Rena Evans
Pauline Finney
Conway Flemming
Claudia Fraser
Willie Gayle

Elizabeth Going
Florence Howard
Martha Irwin
Elsie Jackson
Marsha Jones
Bessie Kelly
Victoria Kinnier
Bessie Landes
Agnes Lambert
Ruth Lavelle
Margaret Lee
Maie Lindley
Lula Montgomery

Beulah Moody
Dorothy Morrison
Katie Newton
Beulah Olney
Daisy Osenton
Sue Phillips
Evelyn Pratt
Margaret Robinson
Helen Gray Watson
Estelle Webster
Kathaleen Woodward
Josephine Wright
A. Wyse

DRAMATIC

PROGRAM

February the Eighteenth

1 Song, "The Captain," . . . . . J. H. Rogers
By Misses Conway Flemming, Beulah Moody, Pearl Cross, Rena Evans, Inez Coale, and Lula Montgomery.

2 Drama, "Colonial Maids," . . . . . Anon

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Phillipse,	Miss Mary Carpenter
Susannah Phillipse,	Miss Anne Apgar
Mary Phillipse,	Miss Laura Ward Wise
Elizabeth Schuyler,	Miss Katherine Strayer
Dorothy Morris,	Miss Bessie Kelley
Anne Hutchinson,	Miss Loretta Wholey
Janet Hamilton,	Miss Mary Heath
Sarah Harrison,	Miss Willie Gayle
"Mammy,"	Miss Beula Olney
Gypsy,	Miss Virginia Switzer

ACT I

A CAMP NEAR PHILLIPSE MANOR

ACT II

DRAWING ROOM AT PHILLIPSE MANOR

Between Acts I. and II. a Song,

"Three Green Bonnets," . . . . . Guy d'Hardelot
By Misses Beulah Moody, Conway Flemming, and Pearl Cross.

PROGRAM

May the Sixth, 1909

THE MIKADO, or TOWN of TITIPU

Operetta in Two Acts, by W. T. Gilbert and A. Sullivan.

GIVEN BY THE GLEE CLUB

DRAMATIS - PERSONÆ

Mikado of Japan ..... Beulah Olney
Nanki-Poo, his son ..... Dorothy Morrison
(Disguised as wandering minstrels in love with Yum-Yum.)
Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner of Titipu) ..... Marie Smith
Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everything Else) ..... Marsha Jones
Pish-Tush, a noble Lord ..... Rebecca Cockrell

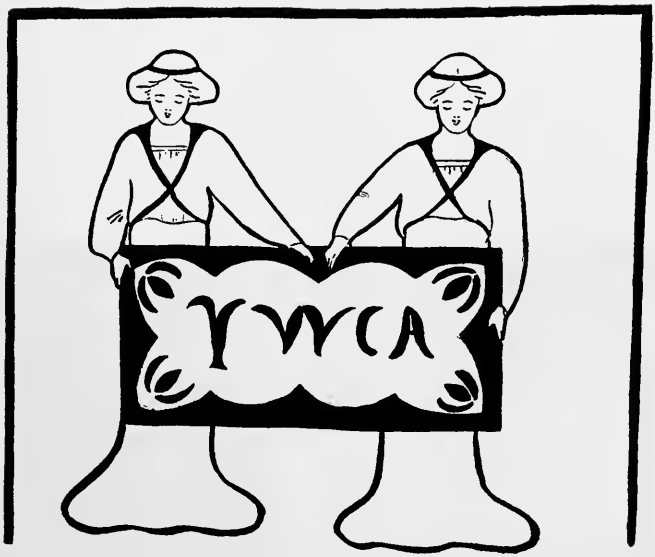
Yum-Yum	Wards of Ko-Ko	Bessie Kelley
Pitti-Sing	Three Sisters	Elizabeth Thomas
Beep-Bo		Helen Gray Watson

Katisha (Lady in love with Nanki-Poo) ..... Mary Boyd Ayer
Chorus of Nobles, Coolies, and School Girls.

ACTS I. AND II.—OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AND GARDEN

Chorus of Ladies	Chorus of Men
Kinnier	Woodward
Going	Moody
Cooper	Osenton
Flemming	Pratt
Coales	Lambert
Jackson	Landes
Philips	Webster
Irwin	Finney
Robinson	Wright
Fraser	Lee
Wise	Lavelle
Evans	Boggs
Brown	Dabney
Cross	Gayle
Burleson	Whitside
Howard	Harrison
Nindley	dePugh
Montgomery	Easley
Leftwich	

SCENERY AND ELECTRIC LIGHT . . . . . Mr. W. W. King
DECORATION . . . . . Miss Meetze
DIRECTOR AND MANAGER . . . . Herr Wilmar Robert Schmidt



MOTTO

"Not by Might nor by Power, but by My Spirit," Saith the Lord of Hosts.

CABINET OFFICERS

President - - - - - - - Henrietta Mohler
Vice-President - - - - - - - Isabelle Grinnan
Treasurer - - - - - - - Margaret Gilkerson
Secretary - - - - - - - Mary McFaden

Chairman of Devotional Committee, Claudia Fraser

Chairman of Missionary Committee, Elizabeth McCue

Chairman of Social Committee, Victoria Kinnier

Chairman of Inter-Collegiate Committee, Pauline Thornton

Chairman of Poster Committee, Winifred Scutt

Advisory Committee, Miss Mattoon and Miss Williamson

School Song

Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching

M. B. S. the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring,
As we join the mighty chorus
Full and strong.
Though our paths divided be,
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of the happiest schoolgirl days—
The M. B. S.

Chorus

White and yellow float forever
Colors bravest and the best;
Hark! the echoes catch the strain,
Sounding back the glad refrain:
White and yellow float forever,
M. B. S.

On the hillside green she stands,
Beacon-light to distant lands,
While the colors float above her
Fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near
Pay a loving tribute here.
Fame hath wreathed the portals old
Of M. B. S.

Primary Department

Bell, Mary Lou
Berry, Winifred
Bossermon, Annie
Dixon, Thalia
Dudley, Marguerite
Effinger, Katherine
Eisenberg, Winifred
Fraser, Jean
Fulton, Ruth
Hamer, Elizabeth
Hanger, Mary Preston
Hanger, Lelia
Harris, Susie
Holt, Catharine
Mayo, Joe Frances
Nelson, King
Nottingham, Marguerite
Olney, Henrietta
O'Rork, Leila
Osenton, Eugenia
Pulliam, Elizabeth
Spotts, Charlotte
Sublett, Ruth
Swink, Ruth
Wyse, Virginia

Pages from the M. B. S. Primer

Here is a picture of M. B. S. Do you see the brass dogs? The sign over the door says, "A Win-ter Re-sort." Young ladies from all over the U-ni-ted States come here to at-tend dances and to meet el-i-gible young men.

No, lit-tle chil-dren, this young lady is not ad-ver-tis-ing a mil-li-nery store, she is just read-y to go for a walk. All the young ladies like to take walks, and some times they are al-lowed to go. Would-n't you like to grow up and go to M. B. S.?

O, my! no! this is not a picture of a de-part-ed spi-rit but a real, sure e-nough "Pri-vi-leged Girl." They are al-lowed to wear wings. Don't you wish you were pri-vi-leged, and could wear wings?

These young ladies have missed their La-tin les-son, but they are not a bit a-fraid, for you do not have to know your La-tin. La-tin pu-pils never have to stu-dy.

This is a lit-er-ary ed-i-tor of the Blue-stocking. She is a beau-ti-ful crea-ture with flow-ing yellow hair. She is very smart and "kin rite poems and sto-ries." Wouldn't it be nice to be a lit-er-ary ed-i-tor?

A FABLE

Once there was a girl who came to M. B. S. and she was very smart. She did not have to stu-dy a bit but missed her les-sons ev-ery day, but she was such a smart girl that they gave her a di-plo-ma and she went away and taught in a U-ni-ver-si-ty.

See the tea-cher! Is she not sweet? She loves to take the girls out walk-ing for the girls are always so nice and po-lite. She does not be-lieve in hard stu-dies, so she gives very short les-sons, and her work is very light for she has no-thing to do but keep in a good hu-mor. She thinks all girls should learn to cook over a gas-jet, and that prowl-ing a-round the halls after light bell is the best way to keep health and rules.

The young ladies are all very shy and if, when out walk-ing, they re-fuse to bow to a strange gen-tle-man, they are se-vere-ly pun-ished. They must go to the "of-fice" and en-ter-tain this same young man for two hours. The stu-dents are all com-pel-led to write notes and let-ters to young men so as to im-prove their lit-er-ary style.

The Coming of Doctor Moore

When first we heard of Doctor Moore
To church that night we grumbling crept.
We frowned, and fumed it was a bore —
And then we stretched — and yawned — and slept.

When one short week was almost o'er
To church with smiles we quick did speed.
We fought for seats near Doctor Moore
Who quickly won us to his creed.

At Baldwin's now the dullness palls.
No feasts! no cooking! shocking sights!
We're all P. C.'s upon the halls,
Forgotten gum and Kableites.

— Anne Seymour Jones.

Voting Contest

Handsomest Girl
Marsha Jones

Most Popular Girl
Lucie Lamb

Brightest Girl
Katie Newton

Prettiest Girl
Sara Nichols

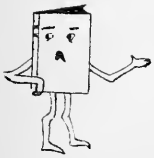
Most Attractive Girl
Lucie Lamb

Most Stylish Girl
Electa de Pugh

Most Accomplished Girl
Willey Gayle

Best Dancer
Marie Easley

Cutest Girl
Bessie Kelley



Best Student
Laura Lettie Smith

Laziest Girl
Elizabeth King

Most Energetic Girl
Lucie Lamb

Best Musician
Jean Hall

Most Conceited Girl
Mary Boyd Ayer
Helen Gray Watson
Maie Lindley

Favorite Occupation
Eating


SOCIAL
LIFE
Princeton

The Echoes

MOONLIGHT fades and starlight deepens,
Weary waves are rocked to rest;
Heavy clouds, in quiet slumber,
Crown the dreamy mountain crest.

Time delays his ceaseless marching,
Ever wandering winds are still;
For the echoes of the ages
Earth and sky with music fill.

Voices from forgotten nations,
Whispers from a world long past,
By the keeper of the caverns
From their chains are freed at last.

All the echoes have been treasured
By the jealous god of sound,
Histories of every people
In his gloomy caves are found.

When earth's kingdoms all have crumbled
And their builders are no more,
When the wailing winds search vainly
Signs of life on hill or shore.

Rocky sepulchers will open,
Echoes will be free again;
The great past will live in shadows,
And unbounded chaos reign.

—Martha Gash Boswell.

List of Prizes

Best essay, "Sweethearts of the Old Dominion," Annie Bridgers; by Mr. Landes.

Best story, "The Coin," Reba Andrews; by Mr. Caldwell.

Best poem, "Twilight," Martha Boswell; by Mr. Stoddard.

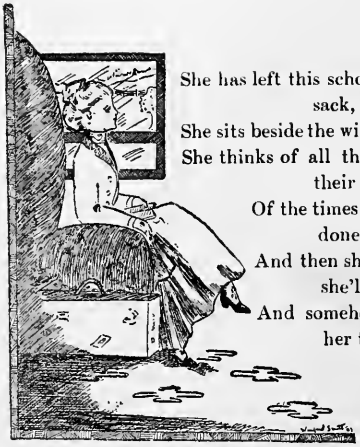
Best essay "Retrospect," (Life at M. B. S.), Anna Apgar; Literary Society.

Best alphabet, "An M. B. S. Alphabet," Nancy Cooper; by Literary Society.

Best kodak picture, "Picture of Girls," Marguerite Crittendon; by Mr. Lang.

Best drawing, Willey Gayle; by Mr. Crowell.

Summer Dreams



I.

She has left this school forever, and with suit case, hat and sack,
She sits beside the window, speeding swiftly down the track—
She thinks of all the girls she's met—their struggles and their fun—
Of the times she went to office and other things she's done.
And then she sees her friends at home and also what she'll do—
And somehow at the thought of these, they thrill her thro' and thro'.

II.

She lives in California, in that land of flowers and fruit—
She can see herself in swimming in her new red bathing suit.
She's now out in the ocean while the waves rock her about,
And she hears the people talking—with now and then a shout.
She sees the giant waves as they break with one loud crash—
But just before they reach her, how thro' them she will dash.

III.

She thinks of all the parties and the dances she'll attend—
The flowers, the song, the music, and last of all, the men.
She thinks of who she'll dance with and picks from all the rest—
The one that she'll dance most with or the one that she likes best.
And then she'll "cut a dance" to some fellow's great dismay,
Just to hear the "last goes" and the rest "he" has to say.

IV.

She wonders if "he" loves her in just "the same old way",
Or if some one else has interferred and led his love astray.
"And if he does", she dreams on, and her heart brims o'er with glee,—
'Twill not be long before once more we'll sit beneath our tree.
And perhaps he'll say he loves me and tell me from his heart,
That there can be no other, and hopes we'll never part.

V.

And if he does, she wonders if the wedding will be soon,
Or if she'll have to wait awhile until the month of June.
She pictures how they'll look as they walk up side by side,
To receive the pastor's blessing and become a groom and bride.
And when the wedding 's over—and they're one instead of two—
Her troubles will be ended—for with boarding school she's thro'.

—Marsha Jones.

Toast

WE drink to the world behind us,
To the memories that seem so fair.
We've drunk to the world around us,
To its pleasures, its woes, it's care.
We've drunk to the world before us,
In the light of all our sins,
So now fill up the glasses
And drink to Old Baldwin's.

—M. B.

Mary Baldwin Alumnæ Association

PRESIDENT

Mrs. Annie Hotchkiss Howison, Virginia

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Mrs. Bessie Adams Caldwell, Virginia

RECORDING SECRETARY

Mrs. Jennie McCue Marshall, Virginia

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

Miss Margaret McChesney, Virginia

TREASURER

Miss Janet Woods, Virginia

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Mrs. Rosa Munger Earle	Alabama
Mrs. Ida Jordon Brown	California
Mrs. Sallie Spears Hicks	North Carolina
Miss Mildred Watkins	North Carolina
Mrs. Nellie Hotchkiss Holmes	South Carolina
Mrs. Eva Balser Irvine	South Carolina
Miss M. Ella Moore	District of Columbia
Mrs. Minnie F. Ballinger	District of Columbia
Mrs. Celia Mason Timberlake Watt	Virginia
Mrs. Fannie Balser Pratt	Georgia
Mrs. Linda McClure Case	Illinois
Mrs. Mattie Frasier Baldwin	Illinois
Miss Flora Firor	Kentucky
Mrs. Georgia Ballenger Monroe	Louisiana
Miss Helen Bridges Towson	Maryland
Mrs. Adele Cayce Morris	Missouri
Mrs. Sadie Van Lear Cowan	Mississippi
Mrs. Mary Coalter McAlaster	Nebraska
Mrs. Kate Johnston Bastianelli	New York
Mrs. Nellie Thomas Summers	Ohio
Mrs. Nina Ravenscroft Smith	Pennsylvania
Mrs. Mary Andes Dooley	Tennessee
Mrs. Eva McCue Balser	Minnesota
Mrs. Claudia Tucker King	Florida
Mrs. Maggie Morton LeFils	Florida
Mrs. Grace Kemper Toll	Missouri

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Mrs. Musette Newson Ketchemer	Texas
Mrs. Lucy Bailey Henneberger	Virginia
Mrs. Annie Walker St. Clair	Virginia
Miss Fannie Royster	Virginia
Miss Janet Houston	Cuba

ROLL

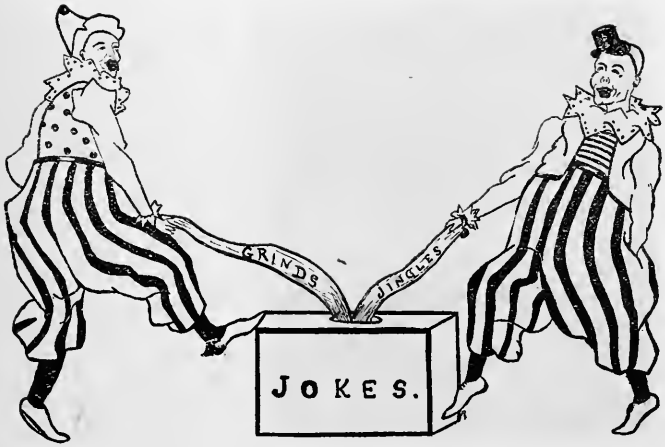
Mrs. Mary Fentress Andrews
Mrs. Ida Smith Austin
Miss Minnie Bickle
Miss Augusta Bumgardner
Mrs. Helen M. Bridges Towson
Mrs. Minnie Fatin Ballenger
Mrs. Alice Reid Bryan
Mrs. Kate Eichelberger Bell
Mrs. Martie Frasier Baldwin
Miss Mattie Bickle
Mrs. Emma Inman Bell
Mrs. Anna Dorant Berrein
Mrs. Eva McCue Balser
Mrs. Ida Jordon Brown
Mrs. Kate Johnston Bastinelli
Mrs. Fannie Colbert Baker
Miss Belle Bledsoe
Mrs. Birdie Keran Coleman
Mrs. Maria Abert Cary
Mrs. Hortense S. Cohen
Mrs. Fannie B. Cushing
Mrs. Linda McClure Case
Mrs. Lena McChesney Cone
Miss Jessie Cohen
Mrs. Bettie Adams Caldwell
Mrs. Mary Gerver Crossnell
Miss Lillian Carr
Mrs. Lytie Parkins Crawford
Miss Margaret Cochran
Mrs. M. H. Clift
Mrs. Sadie Van Lear Cowan
Mrs. Ella Inman Dubose
Mrs. Mary Andes Dooley
Mrs. Katie Bibb Dubose
Mrs. Lizzie McCue Dahlgren
Mrs. Fannie Smith Effinger
Mrs. Mary Young Earman
Miss Flora Firor
Miss Nora Fraser
Mrs. Lizzie K. Graves
Mrs. Sallie Miller Giddings
Miss H. Ida Gray
Mrs. Annie H. Howison
Mrs. Lucy Bailey Henneberger
Miss Sarah Hotchkiss
Miss Olvier Huck
Mrs. Sallie Spears Hicks
Mrs. Margaret Spence Hicks
Mrs. Lizzie Helen Holt
Mrs. Maggie Hogshead Turner
Miss Mary B. Hogshead
Mrs. Mamie Perry Hughes
Mrs. Letitia Young Holler
Mrs. Lillie Ripley Henderson
Mrs. Nellie Hotchkiss Holmes
Mrs. Eva Balser Irvine
Mrs. May Sterret Irvine
Mrs. Nannie T. Johnston
Mrs. Mary McCue Ker
Mrs. Josephine Loeb Kronheim
Mrs. Musette Newson Ketcham
Miss Virginia Lucas
Miss Mable Leftwich
Mrs. Maggie Morton LeFils
Mrs. Mary Coalter McAllister
Miss Margaret McChesney
Mrs. Sarah Teabo Moore
Miss Mary P. Miller
Miss Hessye Mae Melvin
Mrs. Laura Taylor McCoy
Miss Nannie McFarland
Miss Abby McFarland
Miss Ella Moore
Mrs. Jennie McCue Marshall
Mrs. Marie Bodley Morris
Mrs. Mabel Pitkin Johnson
Mrs. Mary Tapscott Paxton
Mrs. Maggie Gilkeson Pancake
Mrs. Gengie Farror Patterson
Mrs. Lillian Ast Putney
Mrs. Ada C. Rountree
Mrs. Maggie Stuart Robertson
Mrs. Nattalie J. Robertson
Mrs. Angie Perry Reynolds
Miss Nina Ravenscroft
Mrs. Mattie McCue Rhodes
Miss Lottie Rutherford
Mrs. Lila S. Rutherford
Mrs. Margaret Kable Russell
Mrs. Annie W Sampson
Mrs. Mattie Beggs Spratt
Mrs. Sue Stribling Snodgrass
Mrs. Clara McCarr Simms
Miss Janet Summerson
Mrs. Lizzie Sutton
Miss Julia Virginia Simpson
Mrs. Eva Bowe Stein
Miss Nannie L. Tate
Mrs. Lizzie W. Timberlake
Mrs. Lizzie Firor Trimble
Miss Nannie W. Turk
Miss Lucy C. Turk
Miss Annie St. Clair Tate
Miss Kittie B. Tate
Mrs. Grace Kemper Toll
Miss Elizabeth Turnbull
Miss Mary E. Trotter
Miss Ellette C. Teirney
Miss Fannie Taylor
Miss Mary H. Turk
Miss Mildred Watkins
Mrs. Jennie Mae Peck Williams
Mrs. Keigletty T. Wilson
Mrs. Emma Wills West
Mrs. Bettie Guy Winston
Miss Marian Woodrow
Miss Emily S. Walker
Miss Lucy Walker
Miss E. C. Weimar
Miss Rebecca Young
Mrs. Margaret Bell Young
Miss Mary Yost

Before and After

This is what Syrup and Rolls did.

A year at this finishing (?) school did this.

And the Flirts became Missionaries


GRINDS
JINGLES
JOKES.

Prize Alphabet

AN M. B. S. ALPHABET

A is for all of us — little and big,
Sent to this M. B. S. to study and "dig."

B's for our bells — the new and the old;
What the new cow-bell's for, we've never been told.

C stands for Chaplain; Dr. Fraser, we mean.
His half-hour sermons are yet to be seen

C stands for "Cableites" — alack and alas!
Who by the school do their gallant forms pass.

D is Directoire, the new M. B. S. craze;
Here's hoping it's shorter the longer it stays.

E stands for empty — that's how we all feel
When promptly (?) at two the dinner bell peal.

F stands for two things — failure and fake,
The last means the "golf-links," the former we make.

G's for the groans which arose on that day
From the girls who were kept from the U. Va. play.

H is for Heaven, and other things, too.
Some say Mary Baldwin's; I wonder. don,t you?

I stands for something that everyone knows,
That blessed Infirmary, the cure for all woes.

J you must know, a jelly-glass means,
That fELL on a caller — he thought we were fiends.

K is for "killing," a very apt phrase
When applied to the lessons that fill all our days.

L's the "Lit." Society and though not new this year,
So much has it broadened that I record it here.

M's for the mail that comes thrice a day.
Oh, the bliss of a letter from — well, "someone" away!

N is the very worst letter I know,
To its place in this "jingle" it simply won't go.

O is for "Office," dark visions arise,
Of Saturdays — dictionary — poems — and sighs

P is for "privilege," I speak it with grief.
Only the angels arrive, there's my belief.

Q is the question that each asks in fear,
And I'll warrant the answer is Zero. Oh, dear!

R's for the rules that we meet at each turn.
If you think we can't break them, you've something to learn.

S's are sad-sounding, sorrowful days,
Oft brightened by flowers — I refer to "soirees."

T's for the terraces, and if they could talk,
You'd hear of the "cases" that love there to walk.

U is the Uniform hat you'll perceive.
The most beautiful (?) thing in the world, I believe.

V's the Virginia boys, of whom we hold,
An opinion I'd tell you, but maidens aren't bold.

W's Miss Weimar, our Principal dear.
Come, girls, lets give her a good rousing cheer.

X, Y, Z, & at last,
And one more year of school life past.

And now that I've finished, I wish there were more,
For on M. B. S. glimpses I now close the door.

— Nancy Cooper.

M. B. S. Maids

See the Baldwin Maids rush in.
Hear the clatter and the din
As they slip upon the floor,
Dropping cups and plates galore;
Bumping hard against your chair,
Spilling coffee in your hair.
Water down the table flows,
Knives go skimming by your nose.
For our plates they roughly dive,
Glad are we to leave alive.

What Other Women Have Found Out

[The Editor takes great pleasure in furnishing the Faculty with hints for their personal welfare, feeling sure that their loving interest in its welfare will be valued and appreciated.]

My voice often cracks — emits hoarse discords. Is there any remedy for this trouble? C. L. P.

Your case is very extraordinary and cannot be entirely cured. Try filling the cracks with Liquid Veneer and carefully grease the interior surface with "Three in One Oil."

I am a teacher in a girl's school. Of late I have heard no noise on my hall during the night. I feel sure that this must be on account of deafness. Please suggest a remedy if possible for I enjoy reporting girls. B. C. L.

The best cure that we can offer is that of Dr. G. C. Powell. See *Lippincott's* for January, 1909.

My "ideas" are manifold and important. How can I have them repeated for the public good without annoying the hearers? H. S. P. W.

Scream your "ideas" into a Victor talking machine and they will be accurately reproduced. But the best good you could do the public would be to lock them in an iron chest and bury it deep.

Being very stout, as the summer approaches, I very much dread the effects of the warm weather. Can you recommend any safe and speedy remedy to reduce my superfluous flesh.

A bottle of Schlitz taken after every meal will speedily reduce your flesh.

Can you tell me of any eye screen which will not mar my beauty? I have tried for years to find one. S. McL.

Your need can easily be filled by a simple device. Have made a light wooden frame high and broad enough to include your figure when seated. To the top of this attach a Winslow shade of dimensions to fit the frame, lower shade to floor and punch tiny hole at the height of your eyes. Place screen immediately in front of you, sight carefully through hole and you can see every girl and not one can see you. We guarantee this to be very becoming.

I am exceedingly nervous and melancholy. What can I do to divert my mind? M. L. M.

Buy a pack of Congress cards and a copy of "Elwell on Bridge." If you

fail to understand anything, information will be cheerfully given you by any member of the M. B. S. bridge club, which frequently meets on your hall. If this treatment fails apply a coat of Sherwin-Williams paint. The last ad. guarantees to "Brighten-up" whatever it touches.

I have heard by good authority that there was once a Civil War in the United States. If this be true, please advise me where I can find authentic information on the subject. M. D. R.

There was a Civil War from 1861 to 1865. In order to do justice to the other side you should read at least a page written from the Northern standpoint. For further information send us a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Many people suffer from fear of mice but I am mortally afraid of a cat. How can I overcome this? A. M. S.

You cannot get rid of the cat but by tying a bell to its tail you will always know when it's coming and have time to run.

Has anything been invented to give a person a bouncing walk without exertion on their part. S. G. F.

A small spring to be worn inside the shoes are made, but we cannot give you the address. It is a secret?

Miss Eastman: Your question cannot be answered here. This department is for the members of the Faculty who have neither time or inclination to help with the Annual.

Mlle. Meriot: We are unable to answer your question as we do not understand any language but English.

Fraulein Geiger. See above.

Is it necessary for orchestras to have leaders? B. B. W.

We do not answer musical questions but refer you to Miss Weimar at M. B. S. and Josef Hofman in L. H. J. Note: Leaders are sometimes taken ill.

M. L. M.: "Is your brother in the Calvary, Elizabeth?

W. G.: "What's the score?" (In Tennis).
Other Girl: "Fifteen all."
W. G.: "Who's ahead?"

Music Teacher: "What is that written in R——?"
R. B.: "Nothing, nothing."

I. W.: Wore her atlas out looking for Charlemagne.

B. G.: "I can't find Africa anywhere." (Looking on a map of Cis-Alpine Gaul).

Richmond Girl to New York Girl: "I forgot to tell you! I am going home on the 20th to welcome the fleet. Have a brother who is an officer."
New York Girl: "What fleet?"
Richmond Girl: "Goodness, don't you know? or have you heard of the fleet?
New York Girl: "Y-e-s, b-u-t, I didn't know Richmond was on the coast before; my geography is very poor."
Richmond Girl: "Goosie! not to Richmond — Hampton Roads."
New York Girl: "O yes, but I didn't know Hampton Roads was situated on the coast before."
(A Richmond girl did not put this in, or a New York girl, either).

Teacher: "Who was Beelzebub?"
Girl: "He was the Prince of Wales in ——"

Physic Teacher: "What is space?"
Pupil: "Something that costs five dollars a page in the 'ANNUAL.'"

Nellie: Papa, why do people cry at weddings?
Papa: Most of them have been married themselves.

HEARD IN GEOMETRY CLASS

L.— Well, suppose this line was longer and the other smaller.
Teacher — That would be true just the same, only the circle would be of a different shape!
(Explains the construction of a ⊙).

M. H.— "Where does Parliament meet?"
Other Girl — "It meets in Washington."
Another Girl — "Indeed it does not, it meets in Richmond."

A University boy, growing very impatient waiting for some lamb chops on a buffet car, on his way to Richmond for a track meet, was heard to exclaim by an M. B. S. girl: "They must be killin' that cow out there."

M.— "Who did Bryant marry?"
E.— "Thanatopsis, wasn't it?"

Music Teacher: "Evelyn, what did 'Shubert' write?"
Evelyn: "Shubert Stringed Quartette."

B. G. became very indignant the other day. Some one told her her nose turned down. She very hotly replied that her nose did not turn down. It turned up, because she had been told so *all* her life."

The other day a crowd of girls were speaking of political affairs. Some one asked Willey Gayle if she liked such, and she very quickly responded: "Yes, I am crazy about 'PO-LITICS.'"

First Girl— "Mary Mellon has a very hard time."
Second Girl — "It seems to me she gets along VERY 'Easley.'"

The Path of Spring

HAVE you ever followed the path of Spring
Where the grass is tender and green?
As soon as it snows it melts away
And dandelions are seen.

You'd not get far if you followed,
For I tried it once and I found
'Twas only a place on the terrace
Where a pipe runs under the ground.

Appreciations

"If by these you are sorely bit
'Tis but a sign the cap doth fit."

E. D. H. "Trust not complexion all too much."

Agnes A. "Musicians are known by their hair."

Nellie D. "'Tis an easy thing to write and sing
But to write true unfeigned verse is very hard."

A. M. A. "So fair and fresh as freshest flower in May."

K. Osborne. "A mischief-making monkey."

Helen Nix. "To follow foolish precedents and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think."

Electa and Bessie. "Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

Soiree. "This will last out a night in Russia
Where nights are longest there."

Maggie T. "What is strength without a double share of wisdom?"

? "Flat burglary as ever was committed."

Anne, Lamb, and Lillian. "Done to death by slanderous tongues."

M. Hoge. "'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto your bow."

L. A. P. "There swims no goose so gray but soon or late
She'll find some honest gander for her mate."

M. L. M. "With eyes upraised as one inspired
Pale Melancholy sits retired."

Sarah N. "None that I more love than myself."

Hester R. "I speak too loud."

Anne H. "Tall and stately she moves through the hall."

Irene W. " Scared out of seven senses."

Marie E. " A foot more light
A step more true
Ne'er from the heath flower
Dashed the dew."

Ruth B. " Her mother's pride, her father's joy."

V. M. S. " This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I."

Martha I. " Discords make the sweetest airs."

C. L. P. " Ful wel she sought the service divyine,
Entuned in hir nose ful sernely."

Lamb. " A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat,
Within a human breast."

I. C. P. " Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

Agnes F. " Heaven sends us good meat but the devil sends cooks."

Ruth R. " Curiosity is a little more than another name for hope."

Jean H. " Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall."

Evelyn P. " Be plain in dress and sober in your diet;
In short, my dearie, kiss me! and be quiet?"

Miss W. " None so deaf as those that will not hear."

Sundays. " The better day, the worse deed."

L. Lettie. " It is not necessary to light a candle to the sun."

H. G. W. " All the beauty of the world, 'tis but skin deep."

Marsha Jones. " She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."

M. B. S. " 'Twas Presbyterian true blue."

Quiet Hour. " Sundays observe, think when the bells do chime
'Tis angels' music."

May Edwards. " Going as if he trod on eggs."

Infirmary. " I find the medicine worse than the malady."

K. Duncan. " I smell a rat."

June Ramsey. " Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing."

Pauline F. " Familiarity breeds contempt."

H. Riddle. " He knows not when to be silent who knows not when to speak."

Memorial Fire-Alarm. " A college joke to cure the dumps."

Claudia Fraser. " An angel! or if not,
An earthly paragon."

E. C. W. (Voice) " In the dead vast and middle of the night."

Breaking Bottles. " A deed of dreadful note."

E. P. to E. W. " The god(dess) of my idolatry."

Mary Neil. " A good mouth filling oath."

Cases. " Love sought is good but given unsought is better."

Marie Noel. " I'll not budge an inch."

Martha B. " I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

E. Going. " I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

M. Boyd Ayer. " My lungs began to crow like chanticleer."

V. M. S. " And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

Eloise Morrison. " As merry as the day is long."

Ruth Rankin. " Does not divide Sunday from the week."

Faculty. " Are you good (wo)men and true?"

H. Mohler. " I am the very pink of courtesy."

Six O'clock P. M. " And (wo)men sit down to that nourishment (?)
which is called supper."

Lost and Found

LOST

Walk by Skating Rink ..... Former P. C.'s

Floated away at Soiree, a piece of "White and Yellow" ..... Beulah Moody

School Reputation at Y. M. C. A. ..... M. B. S.

Privilege of Church-Going ..... Jones, Postelle, Smith

A First Chorus for the Mikado ..... Herr Schmidt

Strayed or Stolen — A Fox from ..... M. B. S.

A Box of "Marsha Washington" Candy and "Fixtures" ..... Mary Hover

"See Raven" ..... Lucie Lamb

A (Black) "Smith" ..... Earl of Terrell

FOUND

A "Christian" ..... Dorothy Morrison

A "Melon" ..... Marie Easley

A Sneak ..... Florence LeMoine

In Washington — a "Porter" ..... Lucie Lamb

A Wood-House ..... Willis and Hover

A "White" Spoon ..... Lady Anne McLemore

Receipt for Talking ..... Hester Riddle

Another Worthy "Boswell" at ..... M. B. S.

An Affected Laugh ..... Helen Pole

In Charlottesville — a "Pickett" ..... Isabelle Postelle

A "Pew" ..... Earl of Terrell

A Car-Load of "Georgia Melons" ..... M. Easley

Don'ts

Speak to a teacher, unless she speaks to you.

Drink coffee with the spoon in your cup.

Flirt out of Memorial windows.

Drop notes to the "Cable-lights" out walking.

Talk to young gentlemen out of the windows at the end of New Building. It won't work, for it has been tried.

Smoke cigarettes, for Baldwin girls are above such things.

Get caught at midnight feasts; it isn't advisable.

Think you're "it" until you find out."

Tell us S. N. is not in love.

Say Lady A. hasn't a rival.

Believe that R. C. E. isn't the candy kid.

Wear a coat in the dining room. You might be asked to open up.

Look out the window or a Cable-light might be passing.

Set step-ladder against the doors; it might kill someone.

Serenade the young ladies of the Sem. after nine o'clock.

Walk on the terrace after a rain. You might get sent in for rubbers.

Be affectionate and embrace each other. You might be told to un-embrace.

Do fantastic stunts on the practice hall.

Break bottles and the Sabbath at the same time.

Hang pictures on the wall, they might be stolen.

Speak in the Seminary — it is bad form.

Look at the librarian; you might be demerited.

Shout "White and yellow; it pleases — the principal enjoys it.

Laugh at musicians; you will ruin your reputation.

Let a teacher read your ANNUAL; it might ruffle her disposition.

Play (?) tennis — you will be sent to office.

Leave your room during quiet hour. You might be observed by a teacher from over a transom.

Put a rug over an alcohol lamp; it might explode.

Play for too high stakes; it would take all of your allowance.

Flirt with a man on a billboard, although he is two blocks off. It often might deceive you.

Get up until 7:25; yon might have to wait for breakfast.

Eat in Chapel; the teacher might be jealous.

Have a case; it isn't rational.

Talk to P ——; she will misinterpret all you say.

Worry Mrs. Chase or Mr. King. The editors will hold you responsible.

Get mad at anything in the ANNUAL. It will prove that the cap fits and that you have a nasty disposition.

Theatrical Notes

Elizabeth King is endeavoring to support the title role of "Miss Innocence."

Miss Katie Osborne's success as leading lady in "Mlle. Mischief," has met with great approval.

We regret the lack of appreciation of Miss Agnes Agee's wonderful interpretation of "Strongheart?"

Owing to the inadequate seating capacity of the house, few were able to witness Miss Jones' success in "The Soul Kiss." It is reported, though, that the young artist supported her role with enthusiasm and *sang-froid.*

The co-star production by Miss Hoge and Miss McCleary of "Mlle. Modeste," has been most successful.

Miss Nellie Dill's production of "Miss Simplicity" is worthy of notice, especially for her marvellous silk gown worn in the "school room" scene.

After a number of unsuccessful attempts, the "Merry Widow" has found its real "Sonia" in Miss Lucie Lamb.

Miss Elonia Hutcheson in "His House in Order," has made one of the greatest hits of the season.

Miss Josephine Willis has eclipsed Lady Anne McLemore in "The Great White Way." Miss McLemore is now about to start on her career as a prima donna in her "Lady in White."

Miss Marie Easley's dancing is the main feature of "The Waltz Dream."

Miss Whiteside is trying for the leading role in the "College Widow."

Miss Elizabeth Thomas has achieved her highest ambition in "Her Great Self."

"The Spring Chicken" has been again revived. The theatre-goers of 1905 will hear with pleasure that the original star, Miss Mary Boyd Ayer, will take the title role this season.

Theatre-goers will be sorry to hear that Miss Edna Chase in "Herself-Brittina" has been called from the stage for this season. She will probably not appear again in Staunton.

Misses Nix and Osenton are trying for the title role in "The Rivals."

"A Stubborn Cinderella" is most suitably presented by "Miss Marie Noel."

Miss Florence LeMoine gives a delightful interpretation of "Polly of the Circus."

Miss Mary Neil Mellon gives a picturesque representation of Pixley's new operetta "Marcelle."

"Love Watches" is being faithfully produced by Miss Sarah Nichols.

Miss Kate Earle Terrell displays her remarkable talent in that powerful play, "The Right of Way."

"Wildfire" is cleverly produced by that brilliant young actress, Miss Mary Osborne.

Miss Katherine Johnston most picturesquely portrays "The Parisian Model."

"The Belle of New York" is charmingly displayed by Miss Kathleen Woodward.

"The Girl of the Golden West" is most loyally given by Miss Mary Hover.

Miss Anne M. Apgar most courageously upholds her role in "The Yankee Prince."

One of the most original interpretations of the season is that of "Little Nemo," by Miss Margaret S. Terrell.

Miss Ethel Davies has successfully produced "The Call of the North" this season.

We are glad that Miss Hester Riddle has had no rival in "What Every Woman Knows." She is the real person for this production.

The Baldwin Girls

AS SEEN BY AN S. M. A. CADET

ALTHOUGH lectures on the specie are seldom heard in the "jail-like" building, yet, owing to the close proximity of the two schools, further enhanced by the fact that the "Sem." is a forbidden place,— these together with the natural allurements of the fair sex, it would seem inhuman, not to say inhumane, that an S. M. A. Cadet was not fully capable to judge the various eccentricities, lovelinesses, girlish traits, womanly curiosity, etc., of the Baldwin Girl.

As scientists declare that the intelligence of woman is much superior to that of man, let us accept with due grace and all humility the inevitable, and follow the said insinuation with that customary condescension that typifies the S. M. A. Cadet, and copy after our "Baldwin Sister" in giving our outline below:

I. Who are they? Just girls,— some of them pretty.

II. Where do they dwell? In a temple,— so near and yet so far from the sidewalk.

III. Where usually found? Strolling in an irregular "column of twos" on Frederick Street.

IV. Favorite resort: Seminary lawn.

V. Favorite occupations? (As it appears when a risky Cadet passes the "Sem."). Peeking from behind curtains and drying hair in the sun.

VI. Most frequent occupation? "Banging the ivories."

VII. Chief amusement? Blushing in Church.

VIII. Most important girl in "Sem." (Judging from fussed appearance). The first one in "the line."

IX. Greatest accomplishment? Making a Cadet grin.

X. Most valued possession? What appears to be a hat. (Style a la Paris, 1852).

XI. Favorite expression? "Oh, girls, there's a Cadet!"

XII. Favorite Song? "Won't You be My Baby Boy."

XIII. Favorite motto? "Love IS 'King'".

ZIT, '09.

NOTICE!

I would like to have some kind friend tell me how to overcome the terrible fits of bashfulness that I am subject to during History. I learn my lesson perfectly, but when the teacher calls on me to recite, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth and refuses to move. I cannot so much as get my breath until the teacher calls on some one else. I have had zero on every recitation since school began on account of my bashfulness, and the teacher threatens to suspend me if I do not make a recitation soon. Kind friend, I must have an immediate and permanent cure. Cannot some one suggest one and thus win my heartfelt gratitude forever?

E. R.

The fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on the shoulder. "Say," she whispered, nervously, "is my numerator on straight?"

They were sitting side by side,
He sighed and she sighed;
Said he: "My dearest idol,"
He idled and she idled;
"On my soul there's such a weight,"
He waited and she waited;
"I'd ask your hand, so bold I've grown,"
He groaned and she groaned;
"You should have your private gig,"
He giggled and she giggled;
Said she, "My dearest Luke,"
He looked and she looked;
"I'll have thee if thou wilt,"
He wilted and she wilted.

A Latin student gave the principal parts of "To skate" as follows:
"Skate, slippere, fallus, bumptum."
The professor marked the paper:
"Fail, failere, flunxi, suspendum."

There was a grass widow quite proper,
Who was formerly married to Hopper;
But he got a divorce,
As a matter of course,
And the grass widow is now a grasshopper.

Life is real, life is earnest.
And it might be made sublime,
If we were not kept so busy
Studying Latin all the time."

Cæsar conquered many nations,
A mighty man was he;
No wonder in examinations
He also conquered me.

Running a paper is like poking a fire. Everyone thinks he can do it better than the one who has the poker.

Teacher — Yes, girls, nearly all the young ladies who have attended M. B. S. and who are now married, have brought their husbands here at various times to show them the school.

Nelle — Well, *I* would not.

Teacher — Nelle, if I were you, I would bring him here and let him see the *other* girls, so that he could see that he had "Picked a *Lemon* in the Garden of Love."

New puns are hard to find:
The greatest editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So, if you meet some old style joke
Patched up in modern guise,
Don't fuss and say the thing's a fake,
Just laugh — don't be too wise.

Are you reading this in your own ANNUAL?

Lives of editors remind us
That our lives are not sublime,
That they have to work like thunder
To get their copy in on time.

She failed in Latin
Flunked in Chem.--
They heard her softly hiss,
" I'd like to find
The man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

Oh where, oh where can the dear frats be,
Oh where, oh where have they gone;
With the fun stopped short and the goating gone,
Oh what, oh what can that school be?

THE BELLS

There are bells for every hour
As duties for every day;
'Till I think time couldn't travel
If some one stole them away.

'Twould be a motley procession —
Hours and minutes awry —
All of the records would dally,
And all of the moments fly.

Just imagine, during Latin,
If no welcome bell should ring,
All the terror and the torment
That the extra hour might bring?

Should the guardian of clocks
Call before 'twas time to rise,
We *might* find a smoking breakfast —
It would be a great surprise.

If old Time was not reminded,
And always kept to the dot,
Can you tell me what would happen
To the minutes he forgot?

DREAMLAND

There's a tiny race of people,
Cunning, clever, child-like folk,
Who build castles in the woodlands
'Neath the olive, elm and oak.

On the banks of bubbling streamlets
Slipping, sliding, silvery streams,
Happy elves with nimble fingers
Weave our dainty, dancing dreams.

— Nellie Welthea Dils.

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A is a maid of winning charm,
B is a snug encircling arm;
How many times is A in B?
He questioned calculatively.
Said the maid with a boldness great,
"That's not quite clear, please demonstrate."

She thanked them all for everything,
From Christmas card to diamond ring;
And, as her gifts she gaily flaunted,
Told each one, "Just what I wanted."
But I, who had no cash to blow,
Just kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.
She blushed a bit, but never daunted
Repeated low, "Just what I wanted!"

The time is told in golden note
At seven before we rise,
When happy dreams and fancies float
Before our dazzled eyes.

But rising bell, with harsh delight,
Recalls our tasks undone,
Scatters the visions of the night,
Heralds the cruel sun.

Then laden hours slowly pass
Upon their weighted wings;
Dragging reluctant girls to class
'Till two a respite brings.

But surely the time does move,
To-day must be to-day;
Besides, so far, the histories prove
To-morrow can't delay.

So somewhere if records are true
Vacation days *must* wait.
Cheer up! and let this comfort you —
They can not come too late.

— M. G. B.

There once was a lady named Whidden
Who from sight at a soiree was hidden.
The piano went wrong,
The girls burst into song,
And next time she will stay where she's bidden.

Preaching forever in one tone,
Reaching both far and near.
If you will not cease your drone
Shut your door so we can't hear.

There once was a person called Helen—
To say her last name would be tellin'.
She'd a voice like a bull,
That nothing could lull—
The sight of her even was killin'.

A is for ANNUAL, which you have here,
And paid for by work very hard and dear.

N is for none which with it can compare,
And if you try, sorrow will be your share.

N is for quite a number of things herein
Which are not as good as they might have been.

U is for us, who have slammed and praised,
And wrought for ourselves hatred for all our days.

A is for all who in this have taken part,
Hearty thanks be to them from the depths of our hearts.

L is for Lamb, our Editor-in-Chief,
Without whom this book would have gone to grief.

NAME	Nickname	Chief Characteristic	She Is Admired for	Her Worst Fault Is	She Wants to Be	She Probably Will Be	She Admires	Usually Found
Lucie Lamb	"Lamb"	Her Carriage	Everything	Loving "Simple" Raven	Merry Widow	The Merry Mrs. C. Raven	Widowers	At the Right Place
Edna Chase	"Billy"	Eyes	Nothing	Unmentionable	Popular	The Reverse	Men, Boys, etc.	Flirting Out of Window
Lilian Harrison	"Lil"	Smile	Sense	Her Case	In Memorial	Moved Out	Lamb	Hunting for Lamb
Kate E. Terrell	"Kitty"	Eyes	Frankness	Temper	Mrs. Moore	Mrs. Smith	Electa	Sending Flowers to Case
Lady Anne	"Mac"	Coiffure	Her Dancing	Flirting	Mrs. White	Ditched	Everything White	Front Terrace
Mary McFaden	"Miss MacF'den"	Hair	Nonchalance	Conceits	A Letter Writer	A Preacher's Wife	Hamdpen-Sidney	Writing Letters
Evelyn Pratt	"Estelle"	Voice	Good Nature	Impulsiveness	Visited by Paul Gilmore	Fooled	Estelle	Looking for Estelle
Marsha Jones	"Jonesy"	Talking	Wit	Skipping	Mrs. Johnson	Married Soon	Good-Looking Men	Laughing in Church
Beulah Moody	"Ballon"	Saucy Manner	Unusual Talents	Showing Off	Orchestra Leader	In the Chorus	Joe Willis	Playing
Esther McCleary	"Esther"	Fickleness	Coiffure	Her Talk	Mrs. Effinger	Disappointed	Hoge	Flirting with Preacher
Elizabeth King	"King"	Face	Her Looks	Slouchiness	Thin and Neat	Caught in Something	Lilian	Looking at Lilian
Margaret Terrell	"Maggie"	Animated Manner	Her Disposition	Her Unselfishness	With M. M. J.	With 13-13-10	Porters	Looking for Mary M. Jones
Helen Nix	"Nixie"	Eyes	Herself	Making Eyes	Mrs. Hellrigell	Mrs. Hellrigell	Mr. Hellrigell	Counting the Days Until April
Anne Apgar	"Miss Anne"	Pretty Face	Her Lovableness	Bluntness	Thin	As She Is	"Getty"	"Leading an Orchestra"
Electa de Pugh	"Duppy"	Her Psyche	Her Character	Stubbornness	With an Earle	Mrs. Potter	Lamb	With her Case

ALL ROADS LEAD TO BALDWINS

Adams, Emily Cone ..... Greenport, L. I.
Agee, Agnes ..... Camden, Ark.
Andrews, Reba Kimena ..... Staunton, Va.
Apgar, Anna Marie ..... Trenton, N. J.
Armentrout, Margaret Lyttleton .. Staunton, Va.
Armstrong, Dorothy Crawford .. El Dorado, Ark.
Arnim, Fay Katherine ..... Flatonia, Tex.
Aumen, Katharine ..... Lykens, Pa.
Ayer, Mary Boyd ..... Cincinnati, O.
Black, Bessie Field ..... Staunton, Va.
Barkman, Elizabeth ..... Staunton, Va.
Bartenstein, Katherine Eliza ... Warrenton, Va.
Bassell, Margaret Elizabeth . Lost Creek, W. Va.
Baylor, Flora Lee ..... Tazewell County, Va.
Bear, Caroline Emily ..... Roanoke, Va.
Bell, Sara Kent ..... Dublin, Va.
Bell, Minnie Louise ..... Pulaski, Va.
Bell, Margaret Montague ..... Bridgewater, Va.
Bell, Gretchen McCue ..... Ft. Defiance, Va.
Bell, Sarah James ..... Staunton, Va.
Bell, Elizabeth Arbultmot ..... Staunton, Va.
Bell, Mary Lou ..... Staunton, Va.
Bell, Jessie Walden ..... Staunton, Va.
Benedict, Emma Ley ..... Titusville, Pa.
Berry, Dorothy Bell ..... Staunton, Va.
Berry, Winifred Reynolds ..... Staunton, Va.
Beymer, Ruth Upson ..... Savannah, Ga.
Bigelow, Alice McPherson .... Hensley, W. Va.
Billick, Lida Mary ..... Monongahela, Pa.
Boggs, Rosalie Frances ..... Monongahela, Pa.
Bosserman, Annie Clemmer ..... Staunton, Va.
Boswell, Martba Gash ..... Bryson City, N. C.
Buoie, Carrie Ululliherc .... Whitchellville, Md.
Bradley, Reba Beryle ..... Manchester, Va.
Bridgers, Annie Preston ..... Asheville, N. C.
Bridgers, Emily Nonflee ..... Asbeville, N. C.
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Brown, Josephine Emily ..... Hot Springs, Ark.
Bown, Mary Rebecca ..... Staunton, Va.
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Brunn, Florence ..... Waynesboro, Va.
Burdette, Frances ..... Martinsburg, W. Va.
Burleson, Ann Ruth ..... San Antonia, Tex.
Cantelov, Mary ..... Wetumpka, Ala.
Carpenter, Mary Roller ..... Harrisonburg, Va.
Carrington, Nell Baskerville .. South Boston, Va.
Chambers, Margaret Helen . Mahoningtown, Pa.
Chism, Marie ..... Friars Point, Miss.
Coale, Inez Eliza ..... Indianapolis, Ind.
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Crittenden, Mary Bell ..... Greenville, Miss.
Crittenden, Louise ..... Greenville, Miss.
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Duncan, Katharine ..... Gettysburg, Pa.

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Going, Elizabeth Pryor ..... Birmingham, Ala.
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Hamrick, Katherine ..... Staunton, Va.
Hanger, Mary Preston ..... Staunton, Va.
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McCue, Helen ..... Fort Defiance, Va.
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Thompson, Sara McFarlane ..... Milroy, Pa.
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Timberlake, Elizabeth Hart ..... Staunton, Va.
Timberlake, Nannie Fauntleroy ..... Staunton, Va.
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Tredway, Evelyn Byrd ..... Chatham, Va.
Vandale, Gypsie Hazel ..... Schilling, W. Va.
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Ward, Irene Courtland ..... Tazewell County, Va.
Watson, Helen Gray ..... Richmond, Va.
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Wehn, Louise ..... Staunton, Va.
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Wholey, Loretta ..... Staunton, Va.
Wiebel, Ruth Helen ..... Hagerstown, Md.
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Wilkinson, Lillian Agnes ..... Pantigo, N. C.
Willis, Mary Josephine ..... Shelbyville, Ky.
Wilson, Rafaila Olivia ..... Gainesville, Fla.
Wise, Laura Ward ..... Staunton, Va.
Wood, Nellie Thompson ..... Amherst, Va.
Woodward, Kathleen Marion ..... New York, N. Y.
Wright, Mary Josephine ..... Bluefield, W. Va.
Wyatt, Georgia Burt ..... Rushville, Ind.
Wyse, Anna Belle ..... Staunton, Va.
Wyse, Grace Virginia ..... Staunton, Va.
Yocum, Elizabeth ..... Tacoma, Wash.
Young, Isabel Allen ..... Delaware, O.

Directory Summary

Alabama, 13; Arizona, 2; Arkansas, 6; California, 2; Colorado, 6; Delaware, 1; District of Columbia, 2; Florida, 9; Georgia, 7; Idado, 2; Indiana, 3; Kentucky, 8; Louisiana, 1; Maryland 6; Mississippi, 9; Missouri, 5; Nebraska, 1; New Jersey, 3; New Mexico, 1; New York, 5; North Carolina, 11; Oklahoma, 1; Ohio, 5; South Carolina, 5; South Dakota, 2; Tennessee, 6; Texas, 5; Virginia, 134; Washington, 1; West Virginia, 17; Wisconsin, 1; Pennsylvania, 17.

CALENDAR

1908

September 10 — Opening of School.
September 19 — Y. W. C. A. Reception to the New Girls.
September 26 — Piano and Violin Recital by Miss Whidden and Herr Schmidt.
October 4 — Miss Baldwin's Birthday.
October 5 — Holiday. C. O. D. Tally-ho Ride.
October 7 — "The Merchant of Venice."
October 8 — Literary Society Re-organized.
October 12 — Concert by the Shubert String Quartette.
October 17 — Recital by Pupils in Elocution.
October 23 — Lecture by Cameron Johnson at Y. M. C. A.
October 24 — Reception for Girls given by Society for Woman's Work at Church Parlors.
October 31 — Hallow'en Entertainment given by Y. W. C. A. in Gymnasium.

C. O. D. Banquet given by New Members to Old.
K. F. C. Banquet.
November 7 — Recital by Misses Petre, Whidden, and Herr Schmidt.
November 12 — Literary Society Meeting "Novelists."
November 14 — Z. T. Z. Banquet.
November 20 — Recital at Y. M. C. A.
November 21 — Mme. Frieda Langendorff.

November 26 — Thanksgiving.
November 30 — Election Day.
December 15 — Frederick Ward's Lecture on Shakespeare.
December 18 — Christmas Soiree.

December 22 — Close of First Session.
January 5 — Opening of Second Session.
January 12 — Member of Faculty Married.

January 16 — "The Runaway Girl" (?)
Visit of two University Gentlemen (?)

January 17 — First of Series of Edifying Readings to Girls Excused from Church.
January 25 — Concert in Y. M. C. A. by Ernest Hutcheson.
January 26 — Y. W. C. A. Reception to Miss Burner.
January 28 — "The Raven" at the Beverley Theatre.
January 29 — Lillian Harrison's Tea in Honor of Misses Nix and Lamb.
January 31 — Y. W. C. A Meeting led by Miss Burner.
February 1 — Literary Society Meeting and Election of Editorial Staff for ANNUAL.
February 6 — Literary Society Meeting.—Historical.
X. Y. Z. Feast.
February 12 — "King of Kong." The Arcadians.

February 13 — Tea Benefit of ANNUAL.
Delta Sigma Phi Dinner in Miss Carrington's Honor.
H. B. C. Banquet.
German Banquet.
February 14 — Valentines.

February 18 — Elocution Pupils in "Maids and Matrons," Benefit King's Daughters' Hospital.
February 19 — Holiday.
Colonial Ball by German Club.

February 20 — Home Talent at Y. M. C. A.
New K. F. C.'s Give Banquet to Old Members.

February 21 — First of Series of Revival Meetings.
March 3 — Mr. Moore's Departure.
March 5 — Professor Hamer's Soiree.
March 13 — Street Fair and Carnival.
March 14 — Breakfast at 8:30.
March 19 — Professor Eisenberg's Soiree.
March 23 — Visit from Washington and Lee Boys and Monkey.
March 23 — "Baldwin Military Academy."
March 26 — Professor Schmidt's Soiree.
April 2 — Miss Frost's Soiree.
April 3 — Literary Society Meeting "Poets."
C. O. D. Banquet in Miss Donohoe's Honor.
April 10 — Miss Whidden's Tea.
Miss Brown's Tea.
April 22 — Miss Petre's Soiree.
Mlle. Schnitzer at Y. M. C. A.
April 30 — Miss Whidden's and Miss Plummer's Soiree.
May 1 — May Festival at Stuart Hall.
May 7 — "The Mikado."
May 21 — The Graduates' Recital.


A
D
S.

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